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OR,

Guerrilla's Doom.

A WAR DRAMA,
(IN THREE ACTS)

BY

J. N. CULVER.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

REVISED EDITION.

St. Albans, Vt.:
E. A. MORTON, PRINTER.
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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

UNIONISTS.

MR. MARKS.....	A Tennessee Farmer.
WILLIAM MARKS.....	Son of Mr. Marks, in Union army.
WALTER GREENWOOD.....	Union Spy.
JOHN STEEL.....	Union Soldier.
ROBERT DAVIS.....	"
PAT O'DOHERTY.....	"
SAM HANNIBAL.....	Contraband.
COL. BARKER.....	Commanding Union Regiment.
LIEUT. GREEN.....	Adjutant " "
CAPT. DUNBAR.....	Commanding Union Company.
ATICE MARKS.....	Daughter of Mr. Marks.
CLARA STEEL.....	Sister to Fred Steel.
WIDOW POWERS.....	Tennessee Lady.
MARY POWERS	Widow Powers' Daughter.

CONFEDERATES.

FRED STEEL.....	Chief of Guerrillas.
SAM SMITH.....	Guerrilla.
JACOB KOPFBACH (Conscript).	"
JOE BLAKE (Greenwood in disguise).....	"
GEORGE MACK.....	Rebel Guard.

COSTUMES.

MR. MARKS—Hunting. Wm. MARKS—Private Soldier. WALTER GREENWOOD—1st. Disguised as Guerrilla; 2d. Captain; 3d. Prison; 4th. Disguise; 5th. Captain. JOHN STEEL—Prison. ROBERT DAVIS—1st. Prison; 2d. Private; 3d. Prison; 4th. Private. PAT O'DOHERTY—Private. SAM HANNIBAL—1st. Plantation; 2d. Soldier. COL. BARKER, CAPT. DUNBAR, ADJUTANT, &c., equipped according to regulations.

ALICE MARKS—1st. Mourning; 2d. Traveling. CLARA STEEL—1st. Mourning; 2d. Traveling. WIDOW POWERS and MARY POWERS—Home.

FRED STEEL—1st. Red Flannel Shirt and Light Gray Pants; 2d. Light Gray Coat and Pants. SAM SMITH, JOE BLAKE and JACOB KOFFBACH—Flannel Shirt and Gray Pants. GEO. MACK—Gray.

PROPERTIES.

Pistols, Revolvers, Dirks and Knives (no guns or swords), for Guerrillas. 1 Table, 4 Chairs, for Home Scene. Basket of Work for Mrs. Powers. Old Army Blanket for John Steel. Ammunition and Colors for Regiment. Candles. Basket of Crackers and Water Proof Cloak for Aunt Nancy. Newspaper for Mary Powers. One package of large Envelopes and 6 Canteens.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

(Actor supposed to be on stage, facing audience.)

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R, means right; L, left; C, center at back; 1 E, 1st entrance; 2 E, 2d entrance; 3 E, 3d entrance.

RELATIVE POSITIONS ON STAGE.—R, means right; L, left; C, center; R C, right of center; L C, left of center.

LOYAL MOUNTAINEERS;

OR,

THE GUERRILLA'S DOOM.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—Wood or Mountain Scene—Fred Steel and his Gang of Guerrillas discovered Playing Cards, Smoking, and Drinking—“We Won’t Go Home Till Morning.”

FRED STEEL.—Well, boys, we must hurry up our talking; for you know I am off before light to-morrow morning.

JACOB KOPFBACH.—Yah, das ish so, but we fellers wants to drink your goot health befor you goes.

FRED STEEL.—Yes, boys, I am going to leave you; yet, if I don’t like it at Libby, I shall come back again. But, before we break up, I want you to elect a new Captain. I want you to put in a man who won’t be afraid to hear a woman yell, either; for sometimes they have tried to bother us when we have been sort of looking over their houses. I have thought Sam would make a good one. What do the rest of you think?

All of the Guerrillas call for Sam Smith, Captain Smith, &c., &c.

SAM SMITH.—I don’t know what to say, boys; I am no speech maker; but I didn’t onc’t think you would appint me Capum; there is men here as has got more larnin’ than I has, but, if you want me, I’ll sarve and I never will ask one on yer to go where I won’t.

All the Guerrillas exclaim: “Good, good! Hurrah for Captain Sam.”
—All cheer.

FRED STEEL.—We have been together, boys, for over two years, and there is not a man here but what can count his stamps by the thousand; and, while we have been

helping ourselves, we have been supporting the "Bonnie Blue Flag." I received a letter of commendation from Gen. John Morgan, to-day, with my Colonel's commission. He says that our company has been the most successful of any under his command, and that he wishes he had more such men. So don't let a chance slip to strike a blow for Southern rights. To be sure, we have suffered—all brave soldiers must. We have lost many good men by these so-called "Loyal Mountaineers," who are nothing but cowards at best, and thanks be to Capt. Sam Smith's Rangers that the country is rid of some of them.

JACOB K.—Yah, if I ever get a glimds of dem Loyal Mountaineers, mine got in himmel how I makes shoot at um.

SAM SMITH.—Only one man now lives that I really dread, and that is Old Marks. I think I've seen him onc't, but don't know him. I seen an old man with long white hair and whiskers, and if I had had my gun, I would have known, sure.

FRED STEEL.—Sam, I don't want Old Marks killed. You know we went to his house in the night, and got about ten thousand dollars in gold, put the old woman and Charlie out of the way, and I have Alice down to Widow Powers'. We burnt up the old man's house, and I guess on the whole he has got his pay for his Yankee talk.

SAM SMITH.—Yes, I know all that; and we thought the old man was dead, too; but here he has been prowling round like a hyena, and has murdered sixteen of our best boys. I think he ought ter be put out of the way.

FRED STEEL.—You are Captain now, and will do just as you choose after I am gone; but I wish we could take him prisoner—and then don't you see I could MAKE him give his consent to my marrying Alice?

SAM SMITH.—There is somethin' in that, Colonel; and I will promise you that we will take him alive, if possible; but if I get sight on him, he's my meat, dead or alive.

JACOB K.—Vell we's must get vay off from here pooty quick or we's won't make some honest greenbacks to-night.

FRED STEEL.—I know, Jacob, but I want to chat with you a little before I go, and we want to drink Captain Sam's health, too. You know this Yankee whisky is tip-top. How that chap did bellow when I popped him over and took his team and barrel of whisky.

JACOB K.—Mine Gott what schnapps dat ish, vat a pedy

there ish so leetle, petter pe zwie, drie forty parrels of it.
Poys, dish ish your last night mit Colonel, so I says we'll
all drink his goot health, den Captain Sam's goot health,
den mine; make reaty.

Here ish to de Colonel who's name ish Steel,
He goes avay now, dat ish aus ge speil.

(All drink.)

Here ish to Capum Sam Smit who leads us mit a fight,
As we go through the Yankees houses in ter dead of night.

(All drink.)

Here ish to Missh Alice Marks vat de Coloncl vants for frow,
If her old tuyful daddy don't raise one pig row.

(All drink.)

Here ish to Jacob Kopfbach, dat ish me,
I fights mit Sam Smit in East Tennessee.

FRED STEEL.—Now, boys, here is one for you. May you ever prove as true to your new Captain as you have to me. Since our company has been organized we have supported ourselves from the Yankee army. When we first started there were only six of us. Now we have over one hundred. We have taken all our horses from the Yankee army, and nearly all we have came from them. Gen. Morgan writes me that there are twenty-three hundred men in the whole regiment, and all that he has ever had from the South was twenty-seven army saddles—his horses, clothing, arms and ammunition, having been taken from the Yankees.

SAM SMITH.—Colonel, do you know where Old Marks is now?

FRED STEEL.—No, I can not tell, but I think he is over the other side of the mountain. I am going down to Widow Powers' to-night to try and persuade Alice to go to Richmond with me. How like a fool she behaves. She shall be my wife, sooner or later.

JACOB K.—Vats te tuyful te use to botterin mit das gal. You vants a wife pout so much ash te man in ter moon vants a new hat. And the tyful himself couldn't stop her from marrying mit that spy Valter Greenwot. And how is she going to marry mit both of you?

FRED STEEL.—Greenwood is far from here in the Army of the Potomac, and Alice Marks can not see him. If he is brought to Libby while I am in command, won't I have some sport? [Looks at his watch.] Well, boys, we must part. I am bound to see Alice before I go. Here, Captain [Gives him his Revolver], take this as a present.

SAM SMITH.—Thank'e, Colonel, I'll try and make good use on't. I suppose you will cross the river in our new boat, as the bridges are all burnt?

FRED STEEL.—Yes, I told Frank that I should be there to night, and he must have everything ready for me. Gen. Morgan will have a horse for me on the other side. Now, Captain, I have one request to make of you, and that is that you let Jacob go with me to Richmond. I will send him back again soon after I get there, and I would like to have you and some of the men go down to Widow Powers' with me.

SAM SMITH.—All right, Colonel, Jacob can go with you, and I will take some men and see you safe across the river.

All exit R, but Jacob.

JACOB K.—Yah, I am going mit Colonel Steel to Richmond. Dash is all right. I fites mit Sam Smith, not pecause I wants to, put pecause I can't gits away. Mebby I dont petter stay here, mebby I gets away mit Colonel Steel and finds my brudder in de Yankee army, den I goes and fights mit Siegel.

Exit R. Enter Old Marks L.

MARKS.—Alone, alone, all, all alone! Two years ago I was happy—happy as any man in East Tennessee. How is all changed! Then I was rich—now I have nothing, not even a crust of bread! Then I was happy with my family; I had honor among my fellow men! Why this change? All because I loved the Old Flag. When the cry of war arose, what was I to do? Should I see that flag under which I had lived and prospered trailed in the dust? Should I see my country ruined, and her just laws destroyed? Nay; should I be a willing instrument in this work of vandalism? I saw but one course to pursue, and, though it has cost me dear, I thank God that he has given me strength to pursue it thus far. How fearful the cost of loyalty! My house burned, my wife murdered, my eldest son hung, my youngest driven away, my daughter nowhere to be found, and myself beaten and left for dead! But my time had not come. I took a solemn vow of vengeance, and sixteen guerrillas have fallen before my steady aim in atonement of my wrongs. The debt is not paid yet. I feel that I shall see my daughter soon. I hear that she is somewhere in this vicinity. [Crosses the stage.] I must try and find out what that party of guerrillas over there are planning. I dare say, they are trying

to find me, or murder some Union man. [Goes and looks out at R.] I have been following you for three days, and you are one less than when you started. What! Fred Steel a guerrilla? 'Twas you, then, who led the gang that murdered my wife and child. You who told me that you should never aid the Southern cause. Villain! you, too, shall die the death of a coward and traitor; but not yet. My revenge is sure. Ha! he comes this way. I must conceal myself. [Hides.]

Enter Fred Steel and two Guerrillas R. 3d E., and go out at L. 3 E.

As soon as they pass off the stage, enter Walter Greenwood R. 3 E. in disguise as a guerrilla. Mr. Marks sees him, and rises to shoot, but Greenwood makes motions to him not to. Advances to Marks, and takes off his whiskers and hair.

MR. MARKS.—What, Walter Greenwood?

WALTER G.—Yes, I am here. I have been here two or three weeks hunting for you, and I hardly know how I happened to see you now. We must talk fast, as the gang have camped near here, and may see us.

MARKS.—Can you tell me where my children are?

WALTER G.—Yes; William is in the Army of the Potomac, in the same regiment with me. Alice is with Widow Powers, at the foot of the mountain, where she was put by Fred Steel as a prisoner; but Mrs. Powers is as kind to her as a mother. Steel has gone there to-night to see her, and, if possible, take her with him to Richmond.

MARKS.—Take her to Richmond?

WALTER G.—Yes, Steel has received a commission as Colonel. He has been assigned to Libby prison as commander, and starts to-night for Richmond.

MARKS.—I must go at once to my daughter, and save her from this murderer's hands, if possible.

WALTER G.—You need not fear of her going with him. Tell Alice I will see her to-morrow; but I must go back to camp now, or they will miss me.

MARKS.—When shall you return to your regiment?

WALTER G.—In two or three days. I have got to visit the Rebel camp once more, and then I am off.

MARKS.—Be cautious, Greenwood, and not run too great a risk. I am going to see my daughter, and then start for the Army of the Potomac, and find my only boy. This is my last night on this mountain. But I must avenge my wife's murder. Good-by. [Shaking hands.] Tell William that his father is alive and well, and will soon see him. [Exit Greenwood R. 3 E.] I must at once start for Mrs. Powers, and see my daughter, and, if possible, put an

end to Fred Steel's vile career. (Goes and looks out at R.) I see their camp now, and Greenwood is talking with them. Now for my last shot on this mountain. (Takes aim and fires.) One more added to my revenge, and seventeen sneaking guerrillas gone to their long home. [Looking.] Ah! you are coming this way for me, are you? Good-by to Fred Steel's guerrillas and the Cumberland Mountains for the present.

ACT I.

SCENE SECOND.—Home of Mrs. Powers—Tables, Chairs, &c., &c.—Mrs. Powers, Mary Powers and Alice Marks talking.

ALICE.—Mrs. Powers: I have been thinking all this evening that I should again see my dear father; but I have feared that he would be murdered by Fred Steel's gang of outlaws. It is nearly midnight, and I must retire. I can not sleep lately. I can't help thinking of that dreadful night when mother and Charley were so brutally murdered, and our home laid waste, by the hands of one we supposed our best friend.

MRS. P.—Alice, dear, don't talk about that to-night, for you know it always makes you sick; but you are getting stronger now, and must try and persuade yourself that it was God's will, and all for the best. I know it was terrible and wicked on the part of Fred Steel to take such a bloody course, but it is done and can not now be helped. Alice, I think you will again see your father and brother.

ALICE.—It is my constant prayer that I may; but father has such bitter enemies that I believe if he were to come here to-night, and the Guerrillas should know it, they would kill him before my eyes; but not until they had passed over my dead body.

MRS. P.—Come, come, Alice, don't talk any more to-night; you are tired, and I am afraid you will get excited.

ALICE.—I know it, kind friend, but I can't help it. To think that Fred Steel, that detestable coward, should act such a part. And then imprison me here, as he supposed; but, thank God, I could not have fallen into kinder hands. And then to come here and talk to me of love; if I dared

do it, I would send his soul before his Maker. What if Fred Steel should find out that you were a strong Union woman and all of your family loyal, and that you were helping Union prisoners across the lines almost every day, and that this house was pointed out to escaped prisoners from nearly all the Southern prisons?

MRS. P.—Alice, please be more careful; you must remember not to speak of that again aloud. With God's help we will keep it a secret, and as long as I have a crust of bread in the house, just so long shall I be happy to give it to the "Boys in Blue."

MARY.—Come, Alice, we will now retire and get some rest; you know we can not tell what the morrow will bring forth. I dare say Fred Steel will be here to look after your welfare and see that you do not escape. I wonder where Sam is; he has not gone to bed yet? You know we sent him out about 8 o'clock to see if there were any escaped prisoners to help, and he has not returned.

ALICE.—We have, indeed, forgotten poor Sam. I fear some of those sneaking Guerrillas have suspected and watched him.

Enter Sam, cautiously at R, 3 E, conducting an escaped Union prisoner.

SAM.—Missus, dis yer poor sojer is starved mos to def; but he is feard you is Sesesh, and gwine to sen' him back to Castle Thunder or Castle Lightnin', or some other drefful place. I tole him don't be afeard. But, Miss Powers, you must be careful, for I 'spec Fred Steel is comin'. [Ex. R. 3 E.]

MRS. P.—My dear boy, where have you come from? You need not be afraid to tell, for we are all your friends.

ROBERT DAVIS.—Two weeks ago three of us got out of Salisbury prison. The two other boys were caught and killed in my sight. I had climbed a tree just soon enough to save my life. The Rebels tried to make them tell where I was: but they would not, and died with the secret in their breasts. I have traveled by night, sleeping where I could find a shelter, or lying out, with my eyes turned toward the bright stars, and dropping to sleep wondering if people there suffered so. I have had but very little to eat, and am sick and tired; yet I only pray to again be well so as to return to my regiment.

MRS. P.—Cheer up, my brave boy; you at last have found friends. Here you are safe. We will soon find a way to help you to freedom and safety.

R. D.—How your kind words cheer me. They are so different from what I have heard for the last six months. They give me new life and strength.

Loud raps heard at the door at L.

MRS. P.—Mary, show this soldier where to conceal himself, and then see who is at the door.

MARY.—Come this way. [Mary and Robert cross to R. Mary points out 3 E J. Turn to your right and follow the path until you come to an old shed, where you will find Sam. Stay there until we call you.

Exit Robert Davis at R. Loud raps continued at door at L. Mary opens the door when Fred Steel enters.

FRED S.—Good evening, ladies; I am quite late.

MARY.—What brings you here at this time of night?

FRED STEEL.—I have received a commission as Colonel for my brave deeds on these mountains, and have been ordered to Richmond to take charge of the Yankee boarding house—what is better known as Libby Prison. And as I had a little time, I thought I would come and see my dear Alice before I left, hoping she would like to go to Richmond with me as Mrs. Col. Steel.

ALICE.—NEVER!

FRED STEEL.—Mrs. Powers, you and Mary can retire. I will keep guard over Alice until I call you.

Mrs. Powers and Mary retire L.

FRED STEEL.—[Advancing toward Alice.] Alice, my dear, why look so scornful? Be cheerful—come, come now, don't act so. You know I love you. [Takes hold of her arm.]

ALICE.—[Striking his hand away.] Unhand me, sir; your fingers are stained with my mother's blood.

FRED STEEL.—Alice, don't speak of that again—let it pass; you know I never intended to shoot your mother.

ALICE.—Why do you come to taunt me with your tales of love? You who murdered my mother and brother, and tried to murder my father.

FRED STEEL.—Alice I have often asked your forgiveness for the deeds of that dreadful night.

ALICE.—Fred Steel, I wish to ask you one question, and I want an honest answer. Why did you take such a cowardly part in this wicked Rebellion, going from house to house in the dead of night and murdering defenceless people? Old men and women, and even innocent children, have died at the hands of your fiendish gang.

FRED STEEL.—Why ask me such questions? Did I not rid the country of nearly all the Yankee spies in this section. I would not harm a woman or a child, if they did not interfere with my business. Furthermore, I was promised a commission if I made way with these traitors. Honestly, Alice, I have often wished I had not taken the course I have; but it is now too late.

ALICE.—No, not too late; burn your Rebel commission; go North; put on a blue coat, and help crush the greatest and most wicked rebellion the world ever saw.

FRED STEEL.—What! give up a Colonel's commission, and be a private soldier?

ALICE.—Yes; and be a man.

FRED STEEL.—Never! I yet will hold a commission still higher than Colonel. But I must not stop to talk with you; I am going to start for Richmond at once, and you are going with me. So make haste.

ALICE.—Fred Steel, I am not going with you.

FRED STEEL.—It will be useless to resist, as I have a guard at the door, to help me if necessary.

ALICE.—For shame, Fred Steel! to bring your pack of villains; 'tis enough that you show yourself here. Had you the whole Confederate army at your command, I would not go.

FRED S.—[Advancing and seizing Alice by the arms.] Miss Marks, you are in my power, and I will make you my wife, by fair means or foul.

Mr. Marks enters cautiously from L 3 E, advances to R and seizes Steel and sends him to L C.

ALICE.—[Rushing forward and embracing her father.] Father! Father!

MARKS.—Villain! we have met at last, face to face, and now for my revenge.

FRED S.—Old Man, I have come to make a wife of that girl, and am going to do it; if you interfere you are a dead man. [Whistles.]

Enter two guerrillas from R 3 E, and seize Mr. Marks.

Bind him fast, boys, and take him to camp. Do what you please with him.

MARKS.—Fred Steel, I am on your track. You are doomed to die the death of a miserable, sneaking traitor.

FRED S.—[Pointing his revolver at Marks.] Silence, you old fool, or I'll put a hole through you.

ALICE.—[Stepping in between Steel and her father.] Shoot! shoot! if you dare, you villain. You are a

coward; you dare not shoot. Stained with blood as your hands are, you dare not murder me. Injure one hair of my father's head, and you will not go from this house alive.

FRED S.—Not quite so smart. You can't scare anybody. [Advances.] Come, hurry up, the guard at the boat will think we are never coming. [Advances and seizes Alice.] Come, boys, take the old man along.

ALICE.—Help! help! I can not, I will not go! Unhand me, villain.

Enter Robert Davis and Sam at R 3 E, who at once seize the guard holding Mr. Marks, disarm and drive them off the stage at R. Re-enter Sam, who points revolver at Fred Steel—Steel releases Alice.

ALICE.—Not yet, Sam, he is not fit to die. [Pointing to Fred Steel.] Go, sir, your presence is loathsome.

Exit Sam at R, 3 E.

FRED S.—Who is this nigger and that escaped prisoner?

ALICE.—Go, sir, and ask no questions.

FRED S.—[R tiring slowly.] Young lady you will be fearfully sorry for this gross insult. You have defeated me this time. I shall leave my Company in trusty hands. and they will deal with you as you deserve. As for your old father there, he *can not* escape my vengeance—he must and *shall* yield to the will of Fred Steel's Rangers. He can not cross the river now, the bridges are all burned, and there is but one boat, and that *we* use, and no one else. I have a trusty man in charge of it, so I will bid you good-by for the present. My revenge is sure.

Exit Fred Steel R, 3 E.

MARKS.—Gone—and Old Marks' curses follow you.

ALICE.—Dear father, what shall we do? I do not fear Fred Steel, or his gang, but I do feel so lonesome without you. Let us go to Knoxville. Mrs. Powers wishes to go at once, and we shall be so happy there.

MARKS.—No, daughter, I can not go to Knoxville. I am going north to find William. We can see each other but a short time, for I must start to-night.

ALICE.—I can not say "no," although it is hard to part with you so soon.

MARKS.—Yes, I must go this very night; but how can I cross the river?

ALICE.—I will get a canteen of whisky and drug it. We will send Sam ahead, and he can get the guard drunk who has charge of their boat. Then you can cross the river,

and very soon find friends, for you know just what house to go to for help over there. We will go at once and prepare for your departure.

MARKS.—Where is Sam? We must see him and make arrangements at once, for I am going to take him with me. "Sam!" "Samuel!"

Enter Sam at L, 1 E.

SAM.—Yes, Massa, I's here. Whar is de big Steel, am he done gone? Dem Grillus come close to de shed but they didn't found the sojer or me.

MARKS.—Yes, Sam, Steel has gone, and you and I are going North to-night. We will go and see William and the soldiers. Don't you want to go?

SAM.—Yes, Massa, I wants to go; but who will take keer of Miss Alice?

ALICE.—I am going to Knoxville to-morrow with Mrs. Powers, to stay until father gets back. We have made all the arrangements. You and the soldier are to go first and get the boat at the river, and then father will come. He will go down the river about a mile, and take you and the soldier on board, and convey you to a place of safety.

SAM.—I's gwine for to be a soldier. I's gwine to be a Colored Regiment, and have a brass coat wid blue buttons all over it. I guess Mr. Lincum will be glad when he hears I's coming. I golly what what would hab become of dis country if dis yah niggah never had no mammy?

Exit L, 3 E.

MARKS.—Come, Alice, I must be going, Sam will be ready in a few minutes.

Exit at L, 3 E.

ACT. I.

SCENE THIRD.—Enter Sam and Robert Davis at L, 1 E.

ROBT. D —Come, Sam, hurry up; we shan't get there to-night, unless we go faster.

SAM.—I's hurryin fast as I can. You see, Massa, I don't want to found any dem Grillas, cause we haint got no time to stop and kill 'em.

Lightning flashes and thunder heard, which very much frightens Sam.

ROBT. D.—What ails you, Sam, hurry up, we shall get wet if we don't look out. It is going to rain, and I am afraid we won't get to the boat and get that whisky into the guard before Mr. Marks comes. [Exit at R, 1 E.]

Enter Mr. Marks and Alice at L, 1 E.—Lightning and thunder at intervals.

ALICE.—This is a dreadful night, father; but I am happy to think you are to be safe soon.

MARKS.—Yes, I rejoice to think that I shall soon breathe the air of freedom. Sam is a trusty boy, and I have no fear from him.

ALICE.—I have no fear from him; but I am fearful that we have been watched by the Guerrillas. Hist! I can hear them now. Oh! let us hurry. (Exit at R, 3 E.)

Enter Guerrillas at L, 1 E.

SAM S—I am sure I saw Old Marks and Alice come out of the house, and come this way. We must have Old Marks this very night, and that nigger too. I just want to get hold of his black carcass. I'll fix him. See! (All look out at R.) There goes Old Marks and Alice! They are going for our boat. Look down to the river. That nigger has unloosed the boat! Where is the guard? They must have killed him. Come on, boys. (All exit at R.)

Shouts heard outside of "Shoot him," Shoot the gal, and the Nigger, if you can't take them alive"—One shot heard—Scene rises showing Mr. Marks in boat crossing river—He fires one shot and shouts, "Old Marks is safe!"—Alice enters at 1st R. E., kneels, clasps her hands, exclaims: "Saved! Saved!"—Buck scene rises showing Goddess of Liberty.—Tableaux—Saved.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—Woods—Soldiers on picket duty—Pat O'Doherty, Sam Hannibal, Walter Greenwood, Mr. Marks, William Marks, and others.—Song—“Just Before the Battle.”

WALTER G.—Corporal, I guess you had better take the men and go out a little nearer the Rebel line, and should you see or hear anything that would lead you to think they intend to give us battle, report the same to me at once.

PAT.—Yis, Corporal, fall in your min to onst, and Pat O'Doherty will bring up the rare. I will be on the look-out that none ov um lag behind, and as sure as a Johnny spakes a loud word, I'll be afther reportin' to Captain Grainwood.

CORPORAL.—Fall in, Guard.

Men all fall in except Mr. Marks and William Marks.

SAM H.—De Lord bress my soul, Massa Greenwood, is you gwine to hab a battle here?

WALTER G.—It looks so now, Sam; but I thought you were auxious to see us pitch into the rebels.

SAM.—Yes, Massa, an so I is; but can't I wait till de sun shines, it would be mighty dark seein' you shoot now.

PAT.—Sam Hannibal, yes kin come along wid me, an I don't think ye nade be throbled wid fare while under me spishal protecshin.

SAM.—Yah, hah; dis yer chile aint afraid to go wid you; you's a man after my own heart, and if de Rebble sojers come when we git dah, I guess dey will be sorry.

WALTER G.—Yes, Sam, you go with Pat. I shall not need you here. Now don't run or get frightened, but keep close to Pat.

Corporal drills his squad a little, and marches them off at R, 3 E.

MARKS.—Well, boys, here I am, free from the hands of Fred Steel's band, and where I feel that I can strike one more blow at the heart of treason.

WILLIAM.—Yes, father, I am happy to see you and have you so near me; but you are too old to try to march with us day by day, and suffer the exposure of a soldier's life.

MARKS.—My dear boy, you little know what privations are. I have lived through two years of camp life such as would make you faint hearted. No, no, my boy, don't think that of me until you see me lag behind on the march.

WALTER G.—I guess you hadn't better try to talk camp life with your father, for he can tell you more about it than you know yourself.

WILLIAM.—I know he has had a hard time, and that is just the reason why I think he needs rest. But if he feels it his duty to go as a soldier, I have nothing more to say.

MARKS.—Just as long as Fred Steel's band of Guerrillas exist, just so long will Old Marks be on their trail—be it in the Army of the Potomac or on the mountains of East Tennessee. I feel that a blow here will do just as much good as to shoot one of his gang.

WALTER G.—Wherever a blow is struck at treason, it is felt the whole length of the line. But, Mr. Marks, you are not free from Guerrillas here. Our regiment has been harrassed by Mosby's gang for more than three weeks, and I fear more from them to-night than from the Rebel troops. Our regiment sleep on their arms night after night to be in readiness for just such an attack. I gave the Corporal strict orders to keep a sharp lookout at the outer picket post, and if he should see any Guerrillas or anything thaе would lead him to think there was to be an attack by Rebel troops or Guerrillas, to send a man here at once.

WILLIAM.—Don't you think, Walter, that we had better try and get a little rest? We were up all last night, and have had but little sleep to-day.

WALTER G.—I have been thinking of that myself, for I know we have a trusty guard at the outer post, and we should be warned soon enough were we all asleep.

MARKS.—Hark! I thought I heard the pickets firing. There goes another shot. Our boys are having a skirmish.

WALTER G.—If there is any trouble, we shall hear of it soon, for the Corporal will either send a man or come himself.

Enter Pat O'Doherty and Sam Hannibal at R, 2 E, all out of breath.

PAT.—Faith, an' yer honer, Captain, an,' an,' the guerrillas is afther us, the whole of Mosby's army. And the Corporal towld me to be afther comin' here and tellin' yes at onst, and, by the howly Moses, sich a time as I have had a gettin' here. In the fust place, I made a mistake and run the wrong way intirely; then I got twisted about and run the other way; thin I wint back and axed the Corporal what he wanted I should bring him, when he sint me away, and told me to tell the Captain that Mosby was fightin' him, and that you must sind a man to camp to onst and tell the Colonel that there was trouble on the picket line, and for the Colonel to send word to the General, and the General to tell the men to be ready to fight. And now, Captain, I want to be the man to go and tell the Colonel, for I know all about it. [Spatting his hand.] Be out of that, you skater, an' would you be afther suck-

ing the blood of Pat O'Doherty when he is on important business? Now for the Colonel's tent. [Exit Pat at L, 3 E, in haste.]

SAM.—Capum, dis heah niggah's gwine to keep close to Pat. Exit L, 3 E.

Enter Robert Davis at R, 2 E, in haste, wounded.

ROBT. D.—Captain, we have been surprised by a gang of Mosby's Guerrillas, our boys fought like tigers but they are nearly all killed or taken prisoners. I got a little scratch but that is nothing if we can only get away.

Several shots heard at R—Three Union pickets back on stage from R—Volley fired at R—Union pickets fall, Guerrillas rush in, Walter Greenwood and Mr. Marks are taken prisoners and taken off stage at R—William Marks taken prisoner but is rescued by Union troops—Guerrillas commence robbing the dead and wounded, making remarks about what they find, &c.—Volley of musketry at L—Some of the Guerrillas fall, the rest retreat off stage at R—Enter Union Regiment at charge bayonets at L and form Tablean.

ACT II.

SCENE SECOND.—Same as Scene I, Act 2d—Curtain—No one to be seen—Soon Sam cautiously makes his appearance at L, loudly calling for Patrick O'Doherty, advances to center of stage and stops.

SAM.—I aren't feard to be here alone, but Massa Greenwood tolle me to keep with Patrick; but de Lor bress my soul, I couldn't no more keep up wid him than I could catch chain lightning by de tail. He's a drefful runnist. Jes se soon as he tell Massa Greenwood dat de Grillas was a comin he run fer de Kernul's tent and tolle him, and I tried mighty hard to keep wid him, but wan't runnist nuff to keep nigh him, and fore dey got fru fightin' I lost sight ob him, and now whar is he? De grillas hain't got him prisoner, kase he didn't run in dat direction. He mus be round here somewhar. Massa Greenwood tolle me to keep clos to Patrick O'Doherty until he wanted me, and now I mus found 'im. (Loudly calling.) Patrick O——Doherty, Pes' N^o. 15th amendment, double quick, march.

Enter Pat at R, 2 E, slowly; with coat very badly torn, and otherwise generally demoralized, but does not see Sam at first.

PAT.—Am I Patrick O'Dohirety entirely, or am I his ghost? Strange that the boys should run and lave me alone. What the devil do they think to run and lave me to fight the whole Guerrilla army, and Samuel Hannibal, too, he was scart and run, and even after Capum Grainwood towld him to keep clost to me. Just a minute ago I thought I heard Patrick O'Doherty's name mintioned. I wonder what it could mane? I must look around a little and see if I can find any of the boys. I am not at all frightened, and can whip all the Rebels in a batch, if they will only come on.

Goes and looks out at L, when he hears a dog bark or a pig squeal, which frightens him, and he leaps back on the stage—All this time Sam is very much pleased to see the fun go on, but does not make a loud noise.

PAT.—It must be a bloody Guerrilla, and I must be afther getting out of this intirely, or I shall be down to Libby prison before I want to go.

He turns and starts to run, but is so near Sam that he hits him hard enough to knock both down.

PAT.—Why the devil didn't ye tell me that ye wanted me to ground arms, and not be afther executing yer orders until afther yer had given 'em.

SAM.—Lor' bress my soul, Pat, how easy we did parade rest.

PAT.—Devil a bit ov rest did I git, but plenty of parade.

SAM.—Patrick, what made you run off and leave me when Massa Greenwood tolle you to stay wid me?

PAT.—Capum Grainwood didn't tell me to stay wid you. He told you to stay wid me. Now why didn't you obey orders? If yes keep on disobeying orders in that way, Capum Grainwood will be afther rejucing you to the ranks of a private, and then yes will have to obey orders. But come, Samuel, we must find the Regiment. I don't see how I come to get astray.

SAM.—Patrick, Massa Greenwood and Massa Marks are both prisoners. I helped Massa William to get away, but I could not help de other two. I was feared de Grillas would come back; but I 'spect dey am done gone. Massa William feels drefful bad because his fader am taken prisoner.

Enter three Guerrillas, who chase Sam and Pat around the stage—Curtain drops.

ACT. II.

SCENE THIRD.—Libby Prison—Prisoners seated in groups on the floor closely watched by Rebel guard.

ROBT. D.—Well, Johnny, what do you think of the rumor that is going round among the boys. They say there is to be an exchange of prisoners very soon. If so, you will be one to be exchanged, as you have been here longer than most of us. Then you can see your dear sister once more.

JOHN STEEL.—No, no, Robert, I cannot believe the rumor, for weeks and months that story has been our only hope but now it is too late for me, very soon I shall be beyond the sufferings of this life and be with mother in that heavenly army and marching under the protection of the flag whose every star is a star of glory. But I should dearly love to see dear sister Clara once more, and only know where brother Fred is. Then if I could see the glorious old stars and stripes once more it is all I ask.

ROBT. D.—Oh, Johnny, don't talk that way. This is the second time I have been in a rebel prison and I am not going to give up yet. Our boys have not forgotten us yet and are doing all they can to get us out of here. I am going to get out of here and help take Richmond yet.

JOHN STEEL.—Robert, I wish I could be as cheerful as you are. But here I have been for a long time; at first I was cheerful, and tried to have courage; but as the news of victory after victory for the Union army come to the ears of the Rebels, the harder they have been upon us, until nearly all that came here with me have starved to death, or been shot for some slight offence.

REBEL GUARD, GEO. MACK.—(Striking John.) Shut up yer head, you detestable Yankee, yer no need ter come ter war if yer hadn't wanted ter.

JOHN STEEL.—I know that, sir; but I would not stay away when such as you were engaged in trying to destroy the liberty our grandfathers fought for. I have but a short time to live, but with my dying breath will I rejoice that I have remained true to my dear dead mother's last request of loyalty to the glorious old flag.

MARKS.—Brave boy; should you live to get out of this hell hole, you will be proud to say that, tempted by the devil as you were, loyalty triumphed, while *he* (pointing to Rebel Guard,) taints the very earth with treason, and to his dying day can not forget that he has been a traitor to the old flag.

WALTER G.—Boys, keep up good courage. We shall not stop here long, starved and abused as we are. These wretches can not keep us here always. There is a good time coming, and that soon.

REB GEO. M.—Yes, you-uns talk well, don't yer? But I reckon you-uns will have some o' yer pluck taken out of yer 'fore night, for we-un's new commander has come, and he won't stand none of yer Yankee slang. He's a goin' through the boardin' house party quick, and I reckon most of you-uns will sing a different song when you see him.

Enter Fred Steel R, 1 E.

FRED STEEL.—Hello, Yanks! I reckon you are all glad to see me, and I suppose the Guard told you I was coming. Now I want you all to behave yourselves, and I won't hurt you; but if you don't mind you will be sorry. I shall not have any candles burned in the night, as you might burn us all up, nor shall I have any reading going on, for I want you to keep thinking of your guilty crimes and what you are here for. [Looking to the Rebel Guards.] Now, Guards, do your duty like men, and if you see any of the Yanks disobey orders, either shoot 'em or let me know of it, and I will take care of them. [Looking to John Steel.] Here, you villain, what are you doing? Didn't I just give orders not to have any reading go on? Give me that book.

JOHN S.—Please let me keep it; it won't do me any harm. It is the last gift of my dear mother who is dead. It is a Bible, sir, and I am sure there can be no harm in my reading it.

FRED S.—Give me that book, you mudsill.

JOHN S.—Please let me keep it. I will not read it any more. I will keep it in my bosom, and no one shall see it. It has my name written in it by dear dead mother. She wrote it just as I started for the war, and told me always to keep it. So please don't take it away. I can not give it up.

Fred Steel knocks John down, takes the Bible, and throws it away.

FRED S.—There, Yanks, now see if you can obey orders.

WALTER G.—Fred Steel, not content with murdering the loyal people of East Tennessee you seek this prison pen and practice your hellish designs on the weakest of us.

FRED S.—Who speaks my name? What! Walter Greenwood?

WALTER G.—Yes, Walter Greenwood speaks your vile name.

FRED S.—How glad I am to see you. How is Miss Alice Marks? You don't see her very often now, do you? Had you the least pride of a man you never would have crossed my path and stolen her from me. I once loved that girl, now I hate her; and now I swear it, she shall be my wife out of pure revenge.

WALTER G.—Fred Steel, I care not for your taunting words. As for Miss Marks, I never talked to her of love, except of her love for the old flag, that same flag you swore to defend, but which you now trample in the dust. With God's help I hope soon again to be under its protection.

FRED S.—Walter Greenwood, you are in my power and in my way. It was only a few weeks ago that I bid farewell to your friends in East Tennessee. And I told them should you happen here, I would use the greatest care that you do not trouble the Southern cause any more. So prepare yourself (drawing a revolver,) for I am going to blow your brains out.

WALTER G.—Fred Steel, I thank God I am prepared to meet my Maker; but you are not the agent that will send my soul into eternity.

FRED S.—[Raising his revolver and taking aim.] What, what do you say, you spy?

WALTER G.—Fred Steel, you are a coward, and just as sure as you shoot, these starved men will tear you in pieces. We are human, and only ask to be treated as prisoners of war. We have borne our lot patiently, and have not been abused beyond endurance until you stepped your fiendish foot in here. Before we will submit to your outrages, there is not a man here but will give his life in defense of his rights.

FRED S.—Greenwood, I acknowledge to being a little too hasty. I now announce that Walter Greenwood, the Union spy, will be shot at sunset to-morrow. Now, you Yanks, see if you can behave yourselves. I shall come and see you once every day, and I hope there won't anything happen to mar your happiness. As it is getting late, you must all retire. Guards, keep good watch to-night, and to-morrow we will see some fun.

MARKS.—Go now, you Guerrilla, you have done enough. You are not content with murdering my wife and child, but now seek the ruin of my only daughter. Old Marks

is yet alive, so beware. If I die by your hands God will avenge my wrongs.

FRED S.—Old Marks? How came you here? You thought you had got out of my power when you stole my boat, didn't you? But fortune favors me at every step, and if you were engaged in a just cause, you never would have been so unfortunate.

MARKS.—I am proud to say that I am fortunate, and that you are unfortunate in having such a black heart. I would not exchange places with you to-day.

FRED S.—One more word out of your head, and I will blow your brains out.

MARKS.—Fred Steel, I am prepared for that. You have done nothing else but murder for more than two years. It would take a man a lifetime to record all your vile acts, and do them justice.

Fred Steel draws a revolver and fires at Mr. Marks—The ball only knocks Marks' cap off, but hits John Steel in the neck.

JOHN S.—[Screaming and falling forward.] Oh! I'm shot! I'm shot!

MARKS.—Murderer! You are not satisfied with taunts and abuses, but must take the life of your own brother, who has been ashamed to own you. First, you take his Bible away, and not content with that, deliberately shoot him—and your angel mother looking down on you. Go, sir, before I kill you. I will tear you in pieces if you do not take your vile carcass out of my presence. (Advancing to front and center of stage where John Steel lies and lifting him partly up.) Johnny, Johnny, dear, dear Johnny, have you got to die and leave us.

John Steel, who has been raised from the floor, leans his head on Mr. Marks bosom, who is behind John—Walter Greenwood on the left—Fred Steel on the right near John—Prisoners all gather around John.

JOHN S.—Don't talk so Mr. Marks, he is my own brother. He didn't mean to shoot me. Had I told him who I was he would have been kind to me. Please hold my head for me. It is getting dark and my head is dizzy.

FRED S.—Are you my brother John? Is mother dead?

JOHN S.—Yes. I am your brother; but very soon you will be alone. My strength is fast failing. Dear mother is dead. She died soon after we reached Boston. I enlisted at once on arriving in Boston, and soon after coming to the front I heard of her death. Her last request to you was to remain true to the old flag.

FRED S.—It is too late now. I am a Colonel in the Confederate army, and if you had told me who you were when I first came in, I should have taken you out of here at once. I didn't mean to shoot you. I am sorry I did.

JOHN S.—Don't feel bad, brother. I shall soon be better off. It was only an act of kind Providence to relieve me from my tortures. I should have lived but a few days. I will tell mother that you did not mean to shoot me, and that you are sorry. Come nearer, brother, I can not see you, it is so dark. Hark! oh, such sweet music. It is growing lighter now; mother is coming to see us; we are at home now, brother; no more war. Come, mother, and let me kiss you. Sister Clara, what makes you look so sad? mother is happy, and wants me to come to her. I am coming, mother.

Prisoners all point fingers in scorn at Fred Steel, who stands at R of stage with folded arms—Back scene rises showing angel with arms outstretched toward John Steel.—Tablcav—Mustered Out.

ACT II.

SCENE FOURTH.—Outside of Libby Prison—Jacob K. doing guard duty, walking in front of Prison.

JACOB K.—Val, I ish here in Richmond. I ish put here to keep dat Yankee soldiers from getting avay. I vish I may hopen dat doors and let de poor fellah out, it ish too pad. All dey do ish to fight mit de flag vat dey alvays loved, and vat all de peoples all over de world don't like to meddle mit. My brudder Hans, he fights mit Seigle—I vish I might. Mabby I gets a chance to go to my brudder, den I told him how'de poor poys suffer here, den de Yankee harmy comes und let um all free. Dat ish goot. I never hurt no Yankee soldiers and I never vil. My gal she ashamed I fights mit Jeff. Davis. I told her I am shamed too; but ven I gets avay den I fights mit de American heagle, den I feels petter. Hurrah mit de flag vat has got all de stars und stripes.

He sees Corporal of the Guard coming—He goes up to the prison door and appcars to be talking to the prisoners.

JACOB K.—You just pe quit mit your noise or I makes a hole mit some of you.

Enter Corporal at R, 1 E.

CORPORAL, GEO. MACK.—Jacob, what is all this fuss about?

JACOB K.—Oh, it ish all right, dem Yanks is just having a fort of July, and I just tell dem to hush up.

CORPORAL.—That is right, Jacob, make a hole through

the first one you-uns get a chance at. I wish you-uns was going to stay here longer, for I know you-uns is faithful.

JACOB K.—Val I tries to do my tuty, put I goes avay to-morrow pack to Sam Smit in East Tennessee. I goes putty near fair my frow lives. (Aside: Ven I gets one,) So I just asks you of you gets me furlough.

CORPORAL.—I don't know Jacob, about that; we-uns need all the help we-uns got, and Sam Smith is having a hard time. There is six good men going with you-uns and I don't think it will answer to let you-uns go now.

Exit Corporal at R, 1 E.

JACOB K.—It ish all up mit me now. I goes pack mit six goot men to keep guard over me, so I gets no chance to go mit the Yankees not yet, put I goes dat ish sure. [Looks out at R.] Hullo, who the tyful ish dish. Oh, it ish Aunt Nancy with some more tings for de poor soldiers. Goot old soul, how the poor poys love her. They would starve to death before now if it wan't for her.

Enter woman R, 2 E, closely veiled, with a basket of crackers, news-papers, &c.—Guard takes it and passes the contents into the prison—Gives basket back to the woman.

JACOB K.—Aunt Nancy, you must look out to-morrow night who gets the pasket for I goes vay in the morning, and the poor sojers would feel so pad if Aunt Nancy should pe caught, so look out. Goot-py, Got pless you.

Shakes hands—Exit Nancy at R, 2 E—Looking at his watch.

JACOB K.—It ish almost vun o'clocks, then I goes off and some other feller comes. They always puts me here since I comes to Richmond cause they knows I am faithful.

Enter Fred Steel at R, 2 E.

FRED S.—Well, Jacob, is everything quiet to-night?

JACOB K.—Yah, things ish always quiet when I am on guard.

FRED S.—I am acting as officer of the guard to-night, you will soon be relieved and then you come to my head-quarters, as I want to give you some directions to take to Capt. Sam Smith. I shall be back to Tennessee in about three months. (Exit Steel at L, 2 E.)

Union prisoners begin to put their heads up out of the ground, look around, dodge back, and finally one crawls out and creeps off stage at L, 3 E, when Guard crys out: Post No. 7, one o'clock and all is well—More prisoners come up and creep off stage at R and L—After they have all come up, the relief comes around and relieves the Guard—As they pass off they discover the tunnel and at once give the alarm, when all is confusion.—Curtain.

ACT. III.

SCENE FIRST.—Woods—Guerrilla camp—Walter Greenwood disguised as Joe Blake, a Guerrilla.

FRED S.—Well, boys, I am glad to be with you again. I did not like Libby at all, and resigned my position there to return to these mountains once more.

JACOB K.—Yah, and we ish glad too, the poys say they have had tal times since we wash away. Since I comes pack we goes hungry 'some time, mabby py and py, we found some Yankees house den we gets some grub.

SAM SMITH.—Yes, that's so; we havn't spotted any of them Yanks for more'n a week, and when you was here we got plenty of chances at 'em.

JACOB K.—Yah, dat ish so, we have been thinking of giving up this company and go mit five or six together and try it that vay, but just so soon as we gets all ready den we runs mit a squad dem Yanks, and it takes us all to fight mit um, and so we keeps together and keeps fighting, and I found more den half the men vat we had when we goes avay kilt, so there is only a few left.

SAM S.—I tell yer what 'tis, Colonel, we made money when we was up by Cumberland Gap, but after you went away the Yanks soon drove us out, and they have kept us on the move most of the time since. But we have got lots of horses since you have been away.

FRED S.—I am sorry to hear that so many of my brave boys are dead; I see some strange faces here, but dare say they are all right, and ready to fight for our black flag and strike a blow for Southern homes.

SAM S.—You see, Colonel, we was all so glad to see you back that we forgot to say anything to you about it. Here is Joe Blake, just come from the Yankee army. He tells us that there will be hot work here soon.

FRED S.—I knew that the Yanks were after us before, and they are bound to follow us until they shoot us all, so we must be on watch for them.

JOE BLAKE.—I only left Burnside's army last week, and I tell you you have got to be sharp or they will go for you.

SAM S.—By the way, Colonel, what ever became of that gal you used to think so much of and was going to marry?

FRED S.—She is in Knoxville now, and we must plan some way to get hold of her before Burnside gets there, for Old Marks, his son, and that villain, Greenwood, are all with Burnside, and of course when they get to Knox-

ville they will find her and send her North, and that will be the last of her, as far as I am concerned.

SAM S.—Where is your mother now, Colonel, didn't she go to Knoxville?

FRED S.—Yes, she was there, but just before the war commenced she and my brother John went to Boston. She died there. She was full of Yankee patriotism and had a good deal to say about the old flag, the land our fathers fought for, and all that sort of stuff. John was just like her, and always said that if there was a war he should go North and enlist. He did so and died in Libby prison. My sister Clara, I suppose, is still in Knoxville, although I have not heard from her for more than a year.

JOE B.—What about that gal. Get that fixed up some way. May be we can have a little fun out of it. Sam told me all about the old man Marks, so I know what you want. If we can only plan to get hold of her.

FRED S.—I'll tell you, boys, what I think I'll do; I will disguise myself and go to Knoxville and find out all I can. Then we shall know just what to do.

SAM S.—No, Colonel, I don't think that will answer, for we are so near Knoxville that I am afraid they will mistrust you, and we shall all be gobbed up. You would have to be there two or three days. We must do something that won't take up so much time, for old Burnside is north of Loudon now.

JOE B. I have it; we will write the gal a letter and sign Walter Greenwood's name to it. You see she knows that he is with Burnside and she will think it is all right.

FRED S.—What will you write?

JOE B.—Why most anything that will bring her out of Knoxville. [Writing.] Let me see. [Reads aloud.]

"Miss Alice Marks: Burnside will be in Knoxville next week. Meet me on Saturday in the woods just north of the four corners on the road that leads from Knoxville to Strawberry Plains. You may think this a strange request, but you can be of great service to the Northern Troops, and I know you will esteem it a privilege to help them. Meet me at sunset. There is a loyal family near by with whom I have made arrangements for you to stop over night. Come alone, as we do not know whom to trust, and if you take any one with you we may have trouble.

Your friend and protector,

W. GREENWOOD."

JOE B.—There, I reckon that will be sweet enough.

FRED S.—Good! I never should have thought of that. Now, Sam, will you take the job of giving that letter to Miss Alice? Find where Mrs. Powers lives, give Alice the letter, and come away before she has a chance to read it, as she may wish to ask you question.

SAM S.—Yes, Colonel; just the job I want, and I think the letter will bring her. I'll be back before morning, and Sunday I suppose we shall have a wedding.

Exit Sam Smith at L, 2 E.

FRED S.—Now, boys, four or five of you go up to Strawberry Plaius and see how things look. Be back Saturday noon, sure. Jacob you sort of look out for things as you know the country so well.

Exit all at R—Tableau—Floral Decorations.

ACT III.

SCENE SECOND.—Mrs. Powers' home in Knoxville—Mary Powers reading a paper—Mrs. Powers and Alice variously employed.

MARY.—How dreadful it is to read of the sacrifice of so many lives, the destruction of so much property, and the desolation of our country by civil war. When will it end? When will the South return to its allegiance?

MRS. POWERS.—Mary, we have much to be thankful for. Our little home has been laid waste, but our lives have been spared; and we have found dear friends here. The war must close soon. The South can hold out but a little longer, and then we will return to our home and see what we can do toward repairing the waste of war. I fervently hope, too, that Alice may have her father and brother restored to her in safety.

ALICE.—Yes, my dear friends, it is my constant prayer that my dear father and brother will return alive. Oh, what anguish I have suffered during this dreadful war. But I am thankful that my lot is no worse. How many loyal mountaineers of East Tennessee have gone to their long home. Still they were firm, and even to-day there are men on the mountains anxiously awaiting Burnside's arrival to strike a blow for loyalty.

MRS. P.—Thank God the time has about come, for Burnside will soon be here. O, how many prayers of thanksgiving will go up to heaven when the fife and drum of the Northern army shall be heard in Knoxville. How many poor souls will be ready to almost worship the soldiers who set them free from this little else than prison.

ALICE.—History will never record the many, very many valuable lives sacrificed in our State. There is no section of the country where there have been such mean, contemptible, bloodthirsty schemes resorted to as have here been practiced by the Guerrillas. They are not subject even to the lax military rule of the so-called Confederacy, and so they execute their wicked deeds without hindrance or fear of punishment, murdering little children, women, aged men, in fact every one unfortunate enough to fall into their hands.

Mrs. P.—When the Union army comes there will be a different order of things. It will be a happy moment when the loyal veterans march through our streets, the bands playing the tunes we used to hear, and the old flag floating over all. What a load will be lifted from the true hearts of Tennessee when that time comes. Let us have a song.

Mary Powers or Alice Marks sings "The Star Spangled Banner"—If Alice sings, Mary will go to the door and admit Clara Steel, also, repeat the lines following, substituting the word Alice for Mary.

MRS. P.—Yes, long may it wave. Those words never seemed so dear to me as they have since the dark days of this terrible war.

Raps heard at the door at L—Alice goes and opens it and Clara Steel enters.

ALICE.—Dear Clara, I wish you had been here just now. Mary has been singing that dear old song, "The Star Spangled Banner," and I believe it never sounded so sweet to me as now.

CLARA.—It is a soul inspiring tune. How I long to hear it played again by some martial band.

MARY.—You will not have long to wait, for we have heard, very reliably, that the Northern troops will be here within a week.

CLARA.—Happy shall I be to see them. But Fred, alas! will not be with them. Oh, if I could only see him long enough to tell him of mother's dying request, he could not continue in his present wicked work. I fear he is dead. The last I heard of him was through the papers, that he was in command of Libby prison. Then I read that he had gone from there. Where can he be now?

ALICE.—You may yet see him. I do not think he is dead. He is your brother, I know, and as such you love him, and would be happy to see him give up his wicked course.

Raps heard at the door at L—Mary goes and opens it—Enter Sam Smith

SAM S.—Is Miss Alice Marks in?

ALICE.—Yes, sir, that is my name; what do you wish?

SAM S.—(Handing her a letter.) Here is a letter I was requested to deliver to you, and to no one else. Something private, ain't it? [Exit Sam Smith at L, 2 E.]

Alice opens the letter and reads it to herself several times, then looks around the room as if to see if any one is listening, when she reads it aloud.

ALICE.—(Laying the letter down.) What can that mean? What can he want of me? Why it is nearly five miles there, and he wants me to come to-night. It is very strange. Where is the man who brought the letter? Mrs. Powers, what shall I do?

MRS. P.—It is very strange. I don't see why he didn't come himself. Let me see the letter. [Takes the letter.] It looks like Mr. Greenwood's writing. I should almost be afraid to go, but still if you can be of any service to the Union troops you should surely go.

ALICE.—But he wants me to go alone.

CLARA.—You must not go alone. I will go with you. We will each take a pistol for use in case of need. I can conceal myself near you, and be ready to help in case you need assistance.

ALICE.—I wish you would go with me, Clara, I am afraid to go alone. It will do no harm, as Walter's caution was only given through fear of being betrayed. He is very careful, and neglects no precaution. He has always taken care of himself when he has been alone. He has been many times within the Rebel lines, and never has been detected yet.

MRS. P.—Well, girls, you must make haste. It is a long distance there, and you want to walk slow.

ALICE.—Let me get my things, and we will be off at once. I almost dread to go, the country is so full of Guerrillas; but they will not dare come so near Knoxville.

Exit all at L, 3 E.—Curtain.

ACT III.

SCENE THIRD.—The same as Scene First, Act III.

FRED S.—(Walking back and forth.) I don't see what keeps Sam so long. He said that he would be back before morning, and he has been gone three days already. I fear he has been gobbled up by some of Burnside's scamps. [Drinks.]

JACOB K.—Yah, it ish so. Mabby he run off mit your gal. I guess not, he be here fore long. You see, Colonel, the Yanks is all round, and a veller must look hout or he gets gobbled up. Then you know there is lots and lots of these Mountaineers that ish Yankee clear through to the pack pone.

JOE BLAKE.—Yes, Jacob, it is a fact. And, although we claim that we are all right, we must confess that the people around these mountains have suffered more than in any section of the country. You know we hear almost every day of their leaving the mountains to join the Northern army.

FRED S.—A man would think you were a full-blooded Yankee to hear you talk.

JOE B.—I can't help that. I can not but admire their pluck.

JACOB K.—Mine Got in hemmel vat ish dat nois. I hear sometings. Mabby somebody comes.

They all take their pistols as if ready for action—Enter Sam Smith at L.

SAM S.—Wall, boys, did you think I'd got nabbed? Not yet; but I did have to work purty sharp some of the time, and I don't want to go galing any more. I never found her till to-day, and I hurried right back for fear she would be here first. I don't blame you, Colonel, for wanting that gal; but I reckon I should rather get her by courtin', for she looks to me as if she would take care of No. 1, let her be where she would. I stopped at the door and listened just as long as I dared, and she read the letter to um all, and she is comin..

JOE B.—Did you hear her say anything about the writing?

SAM S.—Yes, the women folks all looked at it, and they said it was Walter Greenwood's writing. So I sposed he wrote letters to her, and that the Colonel's chance was purty slim.

FRED S.—Not so slim after all. If she comes here to-night we will make her a prisoner, and to-morrow I will start for Longstreet's army, where I can find a chaplain

without any trouble. We will be married, and then go to England. I think by that time she will be humbled enough to behave herself and treat me as a devoted husband should be treated. Here's fun. [Drinks.] Let's all take something. [Drinks.]

SAM S.—I glory in your spunk, Colonel; but don't you think that plan is more easily made than executed?

FRED S.—What is there to hinder carrying it out?

SAM S.—I reckon Burnside will be in Knoxville next week, and if you start for Longstreet's army you may get into Burnside's. If you do, I reckon you won't find any chaplain to do your splicin.'

FRED S.—Don't you worry about me. Why don't you take somethink? [Drinks.]

JACOB K.—Yah, das is so; we all petter take sometings.

[Drinks.] You veilers petter stop dish talk and make some arrangements pout meeting mit dose gal.

FRED S.—Yes, boys, we must fix that up right off, for it is almost time she was here.

JOE B.—It won't do for us all to stay here. She may see us before we see her, and then she won't come. I don't think she will fall in love with us any way.

FRED S.—That's so, and I hardly know how to arrange it. All hands had better take something. [Drinks.]

JOE B.—Some of the boys ought to be on the lookout for Yanks.

FRED S.—There are three gangs out now; but we had better have some boys down on the Knoxville pike—we saw some Yanks there to-day. Sam, you take four or five of the boys, go down near the pike and stay there until I signal for you. Joe and I will stay here and take care of the gal. [Exit Sam and Jacob at R, 2 E.] Now Joe take something to keep your courage up.

Steel drinks, Joe refuses—Steel begins to stagger as if drunk.

FRED S.—Now we will hide behind these trees until she gets here. Then I will come out and make my business known. If she refuses, I will signal you, and you can rush out behind her, stop her mouth, and then we can manage her as we please.

Exit all at R, 3 E—Enter Alice at L, 2 E.

ALICE.—This must be the place. No one here—I am not late. Can it be possible that I am deceived? I did not like the looks of those men down by the pike, and I am afraid there is foul play intended. They did not see me, however, and do not know I am here. What shall I

do? I dare not try to go back to-night, it is so far. I dare not cry for help, for fear of Guerrillas. Why did he not come as he said he would?

Enter Fred Steel at R, 3 E, advances cautiously behind Alice—She continues talking.

If he had wanted to see me, why didn't he come to Knoxville? He knew I was there, I have written him often. Oh, what shall I do? Why is he not here?

FRED S.—My dear, I am here ready to protect you.

ALICE.—Fred Steel, you here? and have I been led from home by your fiendish plottings? Lost, lost! just as I was about to see my vision of freedom realized, you cross my path to ruin all. Why do you torment me more? Are you not human, or have you lost all but the form of man? Leave me; the very sight of you is loathesome. Your foal breath is filled with rum and treason. Go, sir, I say, before I stain my hands with blood.

FRED S.—Alice, this is the only way I could manage to meet you. I have made up my mind to marry you. Once more I ask you, will you be my wife?

ALICE.—You know better than to ask me such a question. How dare you talk so to me?

FRED S.—You talk very foolish, Miss Alice. I have a company of brave boys near by who will assist me if necessary.

ALICE.—Brave man! Forge a letter, lead me far away from friends, and then tell me that you have a company of men to make me consent to marry you. Fred Steel, if you had the whole Rebel army at your command, I would not consent. [Fred Steel advances.] Don't you come near me, you drunken coward. I have a pistol, and can use it if necessary. I would shoot you as soon as I would a snake if it were not for shedding human blood.

FRED S.—Come, come, Alice, don't talk so; I don't want to hurt you.

ALICE.—Fred Steel, you need not try to frighten me, I am not at all afraid of you nor your whole gang.

FRED S.—Young lady, I have fooled with you long enough.

Whistles—Joe Blake enters at R, 3 E, and seizes Alice's arms—Alice makes resistance.

FRED S.—Now, Miss Marks, we'll see whether you'll marry me or not.

ALICE.—Merciful heaven! is it possible that you will stoop to such baseness? But why not? you murdered my

wother, and even took the life of your own brother. Yet, Fred Steel, I never will marry you.

FRED S.—Got lots of grit, haven't you? Hope you will feel better by and by.

ALICE.—Oh! that fatal letter; why was I so deceived? Oh, God! what have I done that I should suffer so? Why persecute me more? Let me die rather than fall into the power of such a base man.

FRED S.—Shut up your head, young lady, or I will send you after your mother.

ALICE.—Do, for mercy sake, shoot me, and not torment me more.

Enter two Guerrillas at R, 2 E, with Mr. Marks a prisoner.

ALICE.—Father, father! save me.

FRED S.—Good, good! now I can carry out my revenge.

MARKS.—Once more you have me in your power; once more you are sure of my blood. But there is a God in heaven, and He will not see you prosper. Let me go to my daughter.

FRED S.—Wait a few minutes, old man, and cool off a little. Here, take something to steady your nervies. [Offers Marks his canteen.]

MARKS.—Stained with murder and treason as your soul is, you now seek comfort in rum. Detestable villain, were I free, I would kill you on the spot.

FRED S.—Boys, bind him fast, and go back to your post, I will take care of him and his gal. [Guerrillas bind Mr. Marks, and exit at R, 2 E.] Now, old man, one word with you and I am done. [All the time after this Steel shows signs of being drunk.] I sent for your gal to come and see me this evening, and she has embraced the opportunity, but she don't care to embrace me; in fact she treats me very unbecomingly. But I am willing to let all pass if you will make her consent to marry me. What do you say?

MARKS.—If I were not bound, you would not dare talk to me in that way. There is the girl, let her answer for herself.

FRED S.—It's all fixed up between me and the gal. We are going to get married in the morning.

Enter Sam Smith in haste at R, 2 E.

SAM S.—Say, Colonel, you'll have to wind up this here courtin' right off. A big squad of Yanks is comin' down the pike, and that infernal Dutchman has run off to 'em, and took four or five fellows with him.

FRED S.—All right, Sam, get the horses saddled and have the boys ready as soon as possible. [Exit Sam at R, 2 E.] Now, old man, the quickest way I can get rid of you is to blow your brains out, and then I can get along with the gal; so prepare yourself.

ALICE.—Murderer, you dare not harm him. If you shoot him, you must me.

FRED S.—Shut up, or I will fix you both.

Enter Clara Steel at L, 1 E.

CLARA.—Oh, Fred! my brother, you here, and engaged in such work? Don't injure them. If you only knew how kind Alice has been to me since mother died, you would not.

FRED S.—How came you here? This is no place for you.

CLARA.—I came with Alice, to bear her company.

FRED S.—You had better go out by that house (pointing,) and stay a few moments; I will come and see you soon.

CLARA.—Please let me stay with Alice; she is my best friend.

FRED S.—Go out there and stay, I tell you. [Whistles, and enter Sam Smith at R.] Sam, go with my sister out by that house, and stay till I come. [Exit Sam with Clara, she crying.] Now, Old Marks, if you have anything to say, hurry up. [Points revolver at Marks.]

JOE B.—[Releasing Alice and rushing up to Fred Steel and knocking Revolver out of his hand.] Fred Steel, you dare not murder that man. [Pulls off false whiskers and hair.]

FRED S.—What, Walter Greenwood the Union spy. Traitor in disguise, you too, shall die.

Steel tries to get hold of his dirk, but Greenwood seizes his arm; they have a desperate scuffle, and finally Greenwood is overpowered and thrown down at R—Steel holds him by the throat with his left hand, draws his dirk with his right, and holds it high above his head as if to strike.

FRED S.—Walter Greenwood, once we were friends, but when you crossed my path our friendship was at an end. Filled with revenge I at first wreaked my vengeance on Old Marks and his family. I have longed to kill you, and now my revenge is near completion. Soon you will be food for dogs, and Old Marks and Alice shall follow you. I swear it!

Alice draws a pistol and shoots Steel, then rushes to her father and embraces him.—Greenwood rises to his feet and comes to Alice with outstretched arms.

WALTER G.—Alice, forgive me, I wrote that letter to induce Fred Steel and his villains to come here. They are all captured now, and you are only surrounded by friends. [Scene may end here.]

Steel staggers to his feet—Blood streak seen on Steel's forehead.

FRED S.—Come on, boys, come on; here is Old Marks' house; kill him; no, let him be; see the old woman; she has got blood on her face; she is coming this way; go back, don't, don't touch me; see, your blood is on my hands. Oh, kill those snakes, kill them; I can't do anything, my hands are slimy with blood; don't let John come any nearer, he wants to kill me. See the snakes there; he is going to jump; don't desert me, boys; why don't you help me? Go back, old woman, you have followed me long enough, let me be. Oh, where can I go? I can't get away; see, the demons are about me; they are trying to carry me off; don't touch me. Boys, boys, why don't you help, help! help? Go away; see Satan has got me by the throat; take him off; get the blood off my hands. [Falls heavily.]

Tableau—Death to Slavery.

ACT. III.

SCENE FOURTH.—Camp Scene.

COL. BARKER.—The time has arrived, boys, when you are to be free of the United States service, and this is our last day in camp. So enjoy yourselves as best you can; we are not at the front, and no fear of a surprise.

PAT O'D.—Faith, Colonel, and why didn't yes tell me that two years ago?

COL. B.—A good deal has been accomplished in that time, Patrick. We could not spare a man then, so have a good time now. We shall soon get our discharge papers, and in the morning we will be off for home.

JACOB K.—Das ish very goot, I gets my discharge from the army, of the United States. I don't gets my discharge from Sam Smit. I tinks I helps the Union poys petter ven I vas mit the South, but I don't likes the name.

SAM HANNIBAL.—Guess I won't go home; dey don't want to see me down to Knoxville. I think I will stay Norf. I helped quench dis heah 'bellion, and I's free now, and I think I better stay free.

PAT.—How the devil are ye a going to git a livin' up here? Ye betther go back.

SAM.—How I gwine to lib up heah? Why I's gwine to eat, mostly. How you git a libin?

PAT.—Why work man, and earn money.

SAM.—I'd ruver run for de Congress, den I can eat and not work..

JACOB K.—Yah, you runs fast enough to catch das Congress or anything else mit two legs on him.

SAM H.—I runs fast enough to kotch you, you big sour kraut you. You hain't been in this year army long nuff to put in your lip, so you dry up.

ROBT. D.—There Pat you and Jacob let Sam be, I want to see him dance a little or sing a song.

All the boys say, "Yes, Sam, dance, we want to see you dance once more."—Sam dances or sings.

ROBT. D.—There, Patrick, don't you wish you could do that?

PAT.—Faith and I can; but do ye think I'd stoop so low as to dance for private soldiers?

ROBT. D.—Do something, Patrick, either sing a song, dance, or do something to keep up with Sam.

Pat sings, dances or makes a speech.

PAT.—Bate that if ye can, and then I will try again.

All the soldiers say, "Good, good, give us some more."

JACOB K.—Well, if all you vellers do so, I show you some tings. [Sings or dances.

CAPT. DUNBAR.—Colonel, I should think Marks and Greenwood would be back soon. You know the Adjutant General said the discharges were all made out ready for the regiment.

COL. B.—I was thinking of that, Captain, and they must be here soon. But I suppose Greenwood had to step in and see Miss Marks a few minutes. You know he has been here only a week, and hasn't seen her more than fifty or sixty times. But Greenwood has been a faithful soldier, and I think it was a very wise idea to have Miss Marks come North.

CAPT. D.—Walter Greenwood is every inch a soldier. I love him as a brother, and I must confess, Colonel, that it is hard for me to part with him. But to-night is our

last, and I wish he would come, for I want to talk with him. By the way, Colonel, did you know that Walter was going to marry Miss Marks as soon as he is mustered out?

COL. B.—Yes, Captain, and I was in hopes he would conclude to be married to-day, so we could attend the wedding.

Enter Walter Greenwood and Mr. Marks at L, 3 E.

WALTER G.—Colonel, I am a little late, but I believe a satisfactory explanation can be given. Mr. Marks went with me to the Adjutant General's office, and you know I always like to tell big stories, so I told him about Mr. Marks' adventures during the war, giving him a detailed account of what he had done, what he had suffered, what he had lost; how his family had been murdered—all about it. The General asked us to wait a few minutes, when he gave Mr. Marks a beautiful letter of commendation. I tell you, Colonel, it paid for waiting.

COL. B.—Yes, Greenwood, you are entirely excusable. The General has only done Mr. Marks justice; he deserves it all.

WALTER G.—Colonel, I will return soon. (Exit at L, 3 E.)

MARKS.—Colonel, I ask for no words of praise. If I have been of any help in crushing this rebellion, I shall receive my reward day by day. Colonel, here are the discharge papers. (Hands Colonel a package.)

COL. B.—Thanks, Mr. Marks; I almost hate to take them, for they are the instruments which will sever our band, and separate us for life. We shall see each other, but never again be united as a regiment. Adjutant, please give these to the men.

Adjutant takes papers and gives each man an envelope.

SAM.—Massa Adj'tint, hab you done gone forgot all about dis chile? I tink I might hab a paper too.

ADJ'T.—Sam, you are not an enlisted soldier, although you have been faithful to every trust, and Mr. Marks tells me that you were of great service to him in East Tennessee. You have much to feel proud of. Sam, you are now free. You will never be a slave any more. All the money you now earn is your own, and you have no master to take it away from you.

SAM.—Massa Adj'tint, den I can earn money and buy farder and mudder from ole Massa Brown.

ADJ'T.—Sam, your father and mother are free. Every

slave in the South is free, and can now enjoy the same rights their masters do.

SAM.—I golly, is dat so, Massa Adjint, every slave in de Souf free, den who am I? I used to be Mr. Samuel Hannibal Napoleon Bonaparte Julius Cæsar Brown, Esq.; but now I done gone loss my maiden name—who is I?

JACOB K.—Mine Got in himmel vat one dundering long maine dish nigger has got. It bese longer dan de drack te mud on his heel makes.

ADJ'T.—That is rather a difficult question, Sam, and I think the best thing for you to do is to give up part of that name, and call yourself hereafter, Mr. Samuel Brown.

SAM.—Massa, how can I call myself Brown when I's black?

ADJ'T.—O, that is your name that is all.

PAT.—Samuel, would yes be asther torminting the life out of the Adjint? Didn't I tell yes a long time ago that yes was free? and I was in for the war? Now I have got my character in black and white, showing that the colored troops is all free entirely.

JACOB K.—Das ish all right, Sam; you just go home mit me and eats two dree hundred kegs lager peer and drinks whole lots switzer kase und schwatz bread, unt pe one man vas pig shust like me.

PAT.—And Dutchy has got his character too, which shows that the Government don't show no difference twixt a white man, a Dutchman and a nagur.

MARKS.—Colonel, I have one more request to make of you. We are now citizens, but I feel that we are under your command until we break camp.

COL. B.—Any reasonable request of your's shall be granted, if in my power.

MARKS.—Colonel, I have been with your regiment only a part of its term of service, but I have learned to love every man in it. By a kind providence your regiment was instrumental in delivering my only daughter from the jaws of the secession serpent, also in saving my life. Capt. Greenwood has made an arrangement with my daughter during the past week which will soon terminate in their marriage. My request, Colonel, is that they be married here in camp.

COL. B.—The very desire of my heart, my dear sir. I have not seen Miss Alice since the night she was rescued from the Guerrillas, and never had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

MARKS.—I will at once go and see her, and, if I can, persuade her to come. I shall soon return. (Exit at L, 3 E.)

COL. B.—Boys, while Mr. Marks is away, let us have one more good old army song.

One or more army song here sung by the soldiers. After the singing, Colonel give command, "Attention." Enter Marks, Walter G., and Alice, L, 3 E.

COL. B.—Carry arms; present arms; carry arms; order arms.

MARKS.—Officers and men, please allow me to introduce my daughter, Alice.

Colonel salutes Miss Marks. Soldiers salute with right hand.

COL. B.—Comrades, we are about to separate and return to our homes. There we shall find happy friends to meet us. Once more we are to engage in the pursuits of civil life. We are comparatively few of the brave boys who first went to the front. Where are the rest? Some sleeping their last sleep on Southern soil where they fell in battle; others are sleeping beneath the very shadow of the prison pens where they have died by inches; some have returned home maimed for life, and others have died of disease. We have much for which to be thankful, and as we return to our homes let us return thanks that "no bugle at to-morrow's dawn shall awaken us to a reveille of blood."

MARKS.—Comrades, I have much that I wish to say, but I will not take up your time. I have lived to see this happy day; lived to see my children safe from the very jaws of death; lived to see the North and South again united. (Takes Alice's and Greenwood's hands.) Walter Greenwood, I freely give you my daughter's hand. Be true and faithful to her; and as the North and South have been united by fire and blood, so may you be united by the fire of love and affection, constantly thinking of Him who gave his blood for us all, and who proclaimed to the whole world: "Peace on earth; good-will toward man."

ALICE.—Officers and soldiers, I can only thank you for your timely help to me on that dreadful night when I was about to suffer even worse than death. You have all suffered much in this terrible rebellion; but don't think all the people South were traitors to the dear old flag, which now so proudly floats over a rennited country. Far from it; many, very many have died because of their loyalty; and as you return to your homes carry with you sympathy for them all, and remember with pride the Loyal Mountaineers of East Tennessee!

Tableau. "Union of Hearts and Union of Hands"—Curtain.





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